

HER SILVER JUBILEE

ARTEMIS

For Women who love Women

6

OUR FIRST
BIRTHDAY

90p

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BIRTH
OF
THE
POPPITOPS

1959-84

SUPERGIRL

The
Legend



& MUCH
MORE

ARTEMIS 6



BIRTHDAY GIRL

WELL, here we are at issue six already, officially completing our first year of publication. Yes, little *Artemis* has one candle on her cake. It hardly seems like a year, does it?

From the beginning, we planned to make *Artemis* different from anything that had gone before. Although we wanted the contents to be as broad as possible, we had certain guidelines in mind for the sort of magazine we wanted.

First and foremost, we wanted to create a *positive* magazine for women who loved women; one which refused to wallow in gloom, anger and self-pity. It may be fashionable, but negative thinking never helped anyone.

Second, we wanted a *quality* magazine. One which, however small, refused to compromise on the quality of writing, graphics, layout etc. Lesbians do not deserve less than other people, nor are they less creative and capable. We think we have a creative team which rivals any professional organisation.

Then we wanted a warm, friendly magazine which would make people feel at home — but which wasn't afraid to be controversial.

We wanted a broad magazine which appealed to all tastes and included a wide range of contents — and yet which had a consistent 'style' of its own.

We wanted a fun magazine, full of real humour. Not just in-jokes or bitter partisan sarcasm, but real, full blooded, open hearted laughter.

We wanted a magazine that feasted the imagination, stretched the mind and nourished the soul. A magazine good enough for *you*.

And we think we're succeeding. We have been delighted with the reaction to *Artemis* from you, the readers, and from the lesbian world in general. Here is how *Gaia's Guide*, the international lesbian guide-book, hailed *Artemis* in its 1984 edition:

A breath of fresh air: a lesbian magazine with a sense of humor! Plus high standard fiction and a hard-hitting editorial policy. The graphics are superb and the cartoons hilarious... WELCOME, ARTEMIS!!

Soon after our second issue was on the streets, news came through that Britain's other lesbian magazine, *Sequel*, was ceasing publication. We were left as the only magazine



for gay girls in the country. It was a big responsibility. For one thing we realised that if we failed, Britain would be set back by more than a decade, being left without a lesbian magazine. Publishing a lesbian magazine is not easy in today's economic climate, and we had another problem, too. Half the edition of *Artemis 2* had got lost on the way from the printers, causing considerable financial loss.

It was your generous support which helped us to pull through, just as it keeps us surviving today.

We bounced right back with issue 3. Our first Christmas issue. At a time when even the Gay Christian Movement Women's Newsletter found it necessary to be cynical about this major Christian festival, *Artemis* took the Season of Good Will to be just that and produced a warm festive issue. We also ran a centre-spread on the pre-Christian feminine origins of Christmas.

Since then we have not looked back. Sales and subscriptions have increased, and now we are starting the transition to the 'new look' *Artemis*, more geared to shop sales. We still need your help and support — vitally. But from now on, the only way is up.

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BIRTHDAY INTERVIEW

ANNE GILMOUR, our enterprising editrix, usually conducts the interviews that appear in *Artemis*, but today the tables are turned for our first birthday issue, as JENNY FALCONER, our resident criminal genius, gets the interrogator into the hot seat, turns on the bright light and presents...

Grilled Gilmour

Jenny: How did *Artemis* begin?

Anne: Well, in a way, Jenny, she began because of you.

Jenny: Really?

Anne: Yes. It was at one of those little informal gatherings where you used to start the proceedings by reading your latest *Amelia Bingham*. You were late on one particular occasion, and someone had brought a copy of a lesbian magazine. We started looking at it while we waited for you to arrive. It was full of articles on politics - an awful lot about vegetarianism. Really, about half the paper was about the wickedness of eating meat, or even milk and eggs. I reviewed a calendar by instructing readers to boycott it because it had a picture of a plate of food on one page, including a fish! Well, I suppose that some lesbians are vegans, just as some lesbians are seventh-day adventists. And good luck to them, say I. I supposed this must be a special magazine for left-wing-lesbian vegans.

But no. I was told that this was just about the only lesbian periodical in the country. So I said that if that was the case, it should really try to be more relevant to its subject.

Well, that started off one of our discussions. How could you produce a whole magazine issue after issue and stay relevant to lesbianism? someone asked. After all, lesbianism is only something people do in bed. There is only so much to be said about it. After that you have to start filling up the pages with veganism or seventh-day adventism or whatever else excites you.

I disagree passionately with that point of view. Lesbianism is not just something you do in bed. In fact what one does in bed is scarcely relevant. The whole stress on sex is immature and masculine (Marianne Martindale holds that it is a mistake to

call female-female sensuality 'sex' at all, and I think I tend to agree).

But however that may be, women living with and for other women is a whole way of life. I have friendships with men. But all the friendships that are meaningful and passionate are with women. That means that my life, my outlook, my world are very different from those of people who are centered around men. The same could be said of everyone sitting in that room that day, and most of our circle, whether they call themselves 'lesbian' or not.

I argued that it was possible to produce a magazine in which every page was relevant to that world, just as every page of, say, *Woman's Own*, or *Vogue* is relevant to the heterosexual world.

So that was the challenge. I'd said it could be done. I realised that it needed to be done, and I felt it might be a lot of fun doing it. The conversation moved on to other topics, but the idea stayed with me and eventually blossomed into *Artemis*.

Jenny: Well, you certainly gave me good value for that question. I can see that you are a nice easy subject for a first-time interviewer! Now, let me try to press another button. Style is very important to *Artemis*, isn't it...

Anne: Oh, well pressed, Madam Interlocutor! Yes. Gay people have always had style. That is one of the advantages of being a minority culture - especially when the mainstream is as dull and flat as it is. Gay people have always been flamboyant and larger than life. In the past it has been the men who made most of the running in the area of style. But male homosexuals are becoming very drab now. Denim and drooping moustaches seem to be the vogue. I suppose in this hypersexed age, male homosexuality has lost its novelty and become a bore. If it hasn't, it certainly isn't for want of trying.

Now, some girls are trying to imitate the men - even down to the moustaches (no joke - I met a girl from New York who told me that encouraging the growth of facial hair was the latest thing). But we have always had a quiet, whimsical style of our own, rather different from the men, though overlapping in some areas (such as 'camp'). The last ten years have seen a real flourishing of the girls' style. Perhaps partly because we have been pushed off the fringes of the male gay scene as that scene has become increasingly butch and misogynist.

Jenny: What would you say are the differences between the gay men's style and the girls' style?

Anne: Well, they grew up in different places. Men are very sexual creatures. Therefore they tend to congregate in bars, clubs and other meatmarkets. I know that is a generalisation, and therefore unfair to a lot of men. But as a generalisation it is true.

Ladies, on the other hand, do not usually spend their time looking for new sexual adventures. Our pattern tends to be to find the right girl and settle down, if we can. There is a certain amount of man-imitating promiscuity nowadays, especially on the 'scene', but by and large the generalisation remains true. Men tend to play the scene. Girls tend to pair off and drop out of 'public life'. But very often, they keep in contact with other girls and couples; so you get private circles and networks forming. Often they do not define themselves as gay at all. They are simply girls who find other girls exciting, attractive and fun. They are probably the least sex-obsessed - and most passionate - groups in society.

So, there you have the two worlds. The men's scene, very public, rather noisy, easy to get into, lots of people passing through. The girls' circles: very private, rather quiet, difficult to get into, most girls permanent members.

The men have to shout to gain an audience. They tend to be insecure about their own attractiveness in a sexually competitive atmosphere.

The girls are quieter. Assured of an audience among friends. Relationships are more stable and more respected. The young, unattached girl (and the one with the little-girl style) tends to be petted and protected.

The girls' style tends to be quieter, more assured, more graceful. At the same time more whimsical, and often more prone to flights of fantasy. Then there are all the cult things: schoolgirl things, music and clothes of the twenties and thirties, Victoriana, parlour games, power games, croquet, snuff, hats, lace, elaborate cock-tails, Mah Jong, crinolines (yes, some girls really do possess them), recitals, forfeits, Strauss waltzes, fans, cheroots, silk stockings, Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, riding whips, and, of course, that delightful new arrival, *Amelia Bingham*... the list could go on forever.

The style is: that quiet assurance which allows imagination to run riot.

Jenny: But *Artemis* does not just reflect the style of the girls' circles, does it?

Anne: No, we thought it was important to be as broad as possible and reflect all areas of taste. We keep trying to do unusual, exciting and different things.

Jenny: Yet *Artemis* does have a consistent style of her own. Apart from the humour, she has a quality which is hard to put a finger on - a sort of innocence or naivety. *Gay News* recently described her as "pure and undefiled as the driven snow" and spoke of "a Peter Pan innocence". Some people even call her immature. What do you say to that?

Anne: Yes, that is quite conscious. Not to say that we affect a false innocence, but we consciously try to divest ourselves of the artificial cynicism and slickness which characterises so much of modern journalism. I think the *Private Eye* style has had a terrible effect on British journalism. So many writers nowadays can hardly write about anything without bitching, making continual smart-Alice remarks and trying to show the world how clever, sophisticated and cynical they are. It is neither intelligent nor pleasant. We are trying to take *Artemis* in exactly the opposite direction.

We have dropped out of the monster-movie game.

Jenny: What's that?

Anne: Well, there is a joke that you can tell how sophisticated someone is by the seat she takes at a monster movie. There is the person who sits in the front seat to laugh at the movie. Then, in the next row are the people one stage more sophisticated, laughing at the people laughing at the movie. Then behind them are the next level sophisticates, laughing at the people laughing at the people laughing at the movie, and so on.

In my view the most sophisticated person is the one who returns to the front seat and enjoys the movie for what it is. That is where *Artemis* is, reserving a tolerant smile for the straining multitudes behind her.

The monster movie is life, and we have come to see the show rather than show off. We are creating a fresh, friendly, open-hearted style of journalism, and people are responding to it very well indeed. Innocent? I hope so. If we are accused of being innocent, we plead guilty! A

JENNY FALCONER says: "I thought of calling this latest Amelia Bingham offering 'Silverfox'! But in the end I settled on..."

All the Little Foxes



IT WAS THE most hair-raising ride of my life. I had ridden to the hounds on many previous occasions, and I have never been a particularly nervous horsewoman; but this was completely different. Again and again in the course of that nerve-wracking morning, I found myself wondering how those elegant and delicately nurtured ladies of former generations can have managed it with such ease and grace. I suppose being brought up to it from an early age must have a lot to do with it.

I refer, of course, to that most adventurous and most feminine of arts: riding side-saddle. Until a month ago, I had never tried it nor even thought of doing so, and I don't mind admitting that I should not be unduly disappointed if I were to be told that I should never do it again. But I suppose I shall. Amelia is quite insistent.

"No friend of mine," she had said, "is going to make an ungainly display of herself by riding astraddle. It is vulgar and inelegant and I cannot permit it."

"But everybody does it nowadays," I protested.

"And custom is the best interpreter of morals, what? Well, I doubt that, but it is a disputed point and one which I will happily leave the theologians to wrangle over. However that may be, custom is certainly not the arbiter of good taste. Not, at any rate, in this day and age. But no more. I have spoken."

So side-saddle it was. Amelia equipped me with a rather elegant black riding habit which complemented her own. Amelia was adept at the art. She rode as if she had been born sideways on a horse — well, I don't quite mean that, but I'm sure you understand me. For myself, keeping my seat together with a straight back and some pretence of poise was the height of my ambition.

All in all, I don't think I managed too badly. There were one or two rather embarrassing moments. The worst of them was caused by Amelia herself, quite deliberately.

At a certain point, the path of the hunt was crossed by two girls wearing denim jeans and anoraks. They looked rather like students, and were running as if all the

devils in hell were after them. As I was watching them scrambling through a hedge, Amelia gave my horse a sudden flick with her whip, causing him to bolt forward unexpectedly. For a moment I thought I could not avoid running down a middle-aged gentleman who appeared to be in my path. Then Amelia came to the rescue, galloping beside me, and, with a deft swing of her body reminiscent of an old Cossack swordsman, contrived to push the man clear. As we dismounted, he lay sprawled in the mud, angry but unhurt.

"A thousand pardons..." began Amelia in her most charming manner. But the gentleman was not listening. He seemed wholly preoccupied.

"They're getting away!" he bellowed. "Blast it, they're getting away!"

"Who are getting away?" asked Amelia calmly. "I doubt they can get far on foot. I shall soon run them down for you. But first you must explain."

The explanation took rather a long time, as Amelia seemed unusually obtuse in grasping the details. To cut the story short, it appeared that this fellow ran a fox farm, breeding silver foxes for their furs, and that the two girls we had seen had broken into the place and released all his foxes. Apparently they were some sort of be-kind-to-animals vigilantes.

"Right," said Amelia, when she had finally grasped the situation. "I shall apprehend these young villains forthwith." And so saying, she rode off in the direction which the girls had taken.

It was some time before she returned, and when she did the news was not good.

"No use," she called as she cantered up to us. "They've gone to ground. Not a sign of them. Still," she mused as she dismounted, "it wouldn't have done any real good if I had caught them. I mean, you'd have had the satisfaction of seeing justice done and all that; but they wouldn't have had your foxes in their pockets, would they? But after all the inconvenience we've caused you, I think I can find a way to give you some concrete help with your difficulty. I shall say nothing for the present in case things don't work out, but I shall be in touch, I promise you."

"Well, Pash, let us see if we can find the hunt."

And off we went, leaving behind us one astonished fox-farmer.

Amelia insisted upon returning to London that evening, and it was not until we were seated together in the back of her limousine enjoying a drink that I had a chance to

speak to her about the incident.

"I believe you caused my near-collision with that gentleman on purpose," I said.

"He is not a gentleman," replied Amelia. "Otherwise you are quite correct." Sometimes Amelia condescends to explain her actions to me; sometimes not. I watched her as she sipped her Chartreuse, wondering which it would be this time. She smiled and began to speak.

"I was well aware of that fellow's activities. When I saw those two girls making such haste away from his estate and he in such hot pursuit, I made a shrewd guess as to what had happened and made it my business to see to it that they were not apprehended. No doubt their heads are full of half the nonsense under the sun, but on this particular occasion, I heartily approved of their action."

"But just a minute," I interposed, "Delia at the Club farms silver foxes, doesn't she? You don't regard her as a pariah."

"Precisely," agreed Amelia. "Because there is a very great difference. Delia farms her animals decently. They live as natural and comfortable a life as is possible under the circumstances. This fellow — Mordecai is his name — keeps his animals in cages with scarcely room to turn round. Beastly cages with wire bottoms so that their droppings can fall through. The animals live in unmitigated misery in order that the farmer may have the maximum convenience and the maximum profit."

"In the meantime, poor Delia is having the most dreadful struggle to keep her business going. And why? Because a lot of people refuse to buy real furs on what they call compassionate grounds — usually a sanctimonious way of buying a cheap imitation without looking vulgar; while those who do buy furs go to people like Mordecai because they can afford to be cheaper. Looking after animals decently is not the most efficient way to run a modern business."

"People who live in cities tend to go to extremes about animals. Either silly sentimentality or unthinking cruelty, or, more often, both at once. Take this business of fox-hunting. A lot of people condemn it as cruel. And yet the same people eat eggs every day which have come from hens kept in the most revoltingly cruel conditions. I would never touch such an egg, and I have made sure that the Guides Club never uses them, either."

"Gracious," I said, "I never thought of you as a campaigner."

"I am not," replied Amelia. "But there are certain standards of natural decency which must not be allowed to lapse, what-

ever may be the custom of the times. The fox is an animal that lives by the fang and dies by the fang. The foxes we hunt are a good deal happier than the ones Delia keeps, even though hers are infinitely better off by Social Welfare standards. Foxes would have been exterminated years ago, like most other wild mammals in this country, if they were not nurtured by the hunts. They have a natural life and a natural death. But there is nothing natural about keeping an animal or a bird in a dreadful cramped little cage where you have to remove their beaks or their teeth to stop them damaging themselves from misery and frustration."

"So that," I said, returning the conversation to its point of origin, "is why you made quite certain that those girls got away."

Amelia smiled a quiet smile and said no more.

When we arrived at that exclusive establishment for ladies, the Girl Guides Club, Amelia sought out Delia at the bar, where she was usually to be found on a Sunday evening.

"Top of the evening," cried Amelia. "How's business?"

"Binks!" cried Delia delightedly. "Just the girl to brighten the night. But not if you talk about business."

"Ah, but I must, my dear," said Amelia. "For I have found you a buyer. Someone who will take your entire stock at a very advantageous price."

Delia's eyes lit up.

"Really," she breathed. "Listen, Binks, if this is true it will be like a rope to a drowning sailor. Binks, I've just been hanging on for something to turn up." It was unlike her to talk like this. Usually, what-

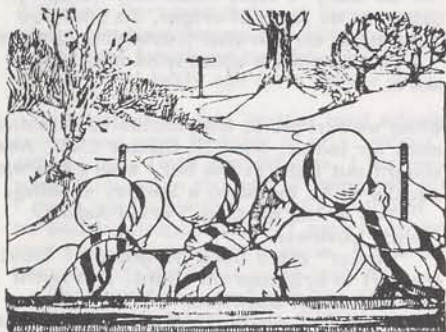


"Please stop prompting me, Mummy, I can do my own courting."

ever was going on inside, her exterior was calm and graceful, as befits a member of the Guides Club. But tonight, perhaps excessive worry had induced her to take more drink than was her custom, and that combined with a surge of relief, made her ready for a moment to lay bare her troubled soul.

Amelia smiled and put a hand upon her shoulder. "We have known each other for a long time," she said. "I must ask you to trust me completely in this matter. I want you to leave all the arrangements in my hands."

Delia returned the smile with wide, frank, innocent eyes. "I trust you with my life," she said.



"But you said you knew how to drive."
"Yes, darling, but I didn't say I knew how to stop."

For most of the next day, Amelia was away, but she and Delia and I had arranged to meet at the Guides that evening. When we did, Amelia looked serious. She handed a cheque to Delia.

"I want you to deposit this in your bank account," she said. "I warn you that you may find it rather upsetting, but I can only ask you to go on trusting me. Everything will turn out for the best, I promise you."

Delia unfolded the cheque and looked at it with some trepidation. Her face became pale.

"Is this what you call a good price?" she asked.

"It is a great deal of money," replied Amelia.

"A very great deal," agreed Delia, "but hardly enough to pay for all my foxes."

"Trust me," said Amelia.

"I do trust you," replied Delia. She went on looking at the cheque for a few seconds, and then a small, strangled cry escaped her throat.

"Mordecai," she whispered. "It's from Mordecai. You've sold my foxes to Mordecai."

"Trust me," said Amelia.

"I do trust you," repeated Delia. "Only... only I need to be on my own for a bit." With compressed lips she turned and left the room, leaving her drink unfinished.

"Well," said Amelia after a few minutes silence, "I must be about my business."

"Business..." I began in astonishment. But this was one of those occasions when Amelia was not prepared to explain herself.

"Meet you here tomorrow evening," she called airily as she glided out of the door.

And so she did. I had not been long in the bar when Amelia joined me at my table, resplendent in a blue evening dress with a pearl choker about her throat.

"Our third meeting," she said gaily.

"Is Delia not here yet?"

"No," I replied. "Why, have you contacted her since yesterday?"

"No," answered Amelia. "But she will be here soon, I am sure."

Just as predicted, it was not long before Delia breezed in. She was a changed girl. There was a spring in her step and a trill in her voice. "Oh, Binks, my dearest," she cried. "My foxes. They are all back, every last one of them."

"Well, I suppose they have a homing instinct, or something like that," said Amelia. "I remember a story about a dog who travelled over two hundred miles to get to its home."

"I suppose I really ought to inform Mordecai," she said.

"No, I wouldn't do that," advised Amelia. "It would cause a great deal of trouble, believe me. Just keep the money under your belt, the foxes under your care and the whole business under your hat."

"Are you sure it will be alright?" asked Delia.

Amelia wrinkled her nose in a delightful grin. "Trust me," she said.

It was late by the time Delia left the bar. It had been a night of celebration. But tired as I was, curiosity burned within me, and I hoped fervently that Amelia would be in a talkative mood.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"I?" said Amelia in mock horror. And then, taking pity upon me: "You remember those girls who released Mordecai's foxes? You said that I made certain that they got away. That was not quite true. They were caught, for when I rode in pursuit of them, I did not fail to find them, even though I had created sufficient delay to make my failure plausible. I let them go, of course, but in return for their freedom — and in

LETTER BOX

Names in inverted commas are Club noms de plume.



BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

Dear Artemis and Anne,

I bought No. 5 from Silver Moon — and am I glad I did! I haven't enjoyed a magazine so much for years! ...

I used to have a beautiful dark-skinned friend, but she went away and I'm alone — so I wondered, could I use your contact service, or am I too old. I'm a young-at-heart, active, mad 45... If you think I'm too old, let's forget the contact list, but I still want the mag! "Tricoteuse", Stepney.

Nobody is too old for the contact service — certainly not at the tender age of forty-five. Actually, that puts you somewhere in the middle of our age-range, which runs from around eighteen to around sixty — when are some members of the older generation going to join? By the way, did you know that Elizabethans never get old if they live right? Perhaps that's what they meant about Peter Pan...

view of the fact that I was a fellow crusader, albeit an unlikely one — they told me in detail the exact *modus operandi* of their break-in. They had been planning it for weeks, and therefore had much valuable information.

"Of course, Mordecai might be expected to tighten his security to prevent similar raids, but I trusted that it would take him longer than two days to do it, especially with the new foxes arriving at such short notice."

"A further advantage of the girls' information was that, by following their previous plan to the letter, Mary and I were able to give our night's work all the earmarks of the previous raid, thus everyone will believe it to be another exercise in — if you will excuse the phrase — animal liberation, rather than simple theft."

"I advised the girls to provide themselves with watertight alibis for Monday night — just in case."

"A most profitable enterprise in my view, for I have succeeded not only in rendering dear Delia solvent, but also in teaching you one of the lesser-known advantages of riding side-saddle." A

IN THE SWIM

Dear Anne,

Thank you for your letter and little surprise package [Carol was a runner-up in last issue's caption competition, ed.] What a dinky little pen. Moira is so jealous.

I enjoyed Artemis 5 very much. Granya Maidensdaughter's (an obvious straight name) article was very good too. A lot of straight friends keep their distance instead of jumping in to enjoy women's love for each other. Spread the word! Carol, Fife.

SISTERS STICK TOGETHER!

Dear Anne,

Thanks very much for the Artemis stickers. I've even got my straight sister sticking them all over the place!

By the way, I'd just like to take the opportunity to say how marvellous I think the magazine is. It's like a breath of fresh air coming through the letter box. Well done, all of you!

Love and kisses to you too.

"Alex", Preston.

ELIZABETHAN SERENADE

Dear Artemis,

I recently wrote a letter to the gay column in *What's on in Norwich* which appealed to women to meet for coffee and treat each other with gentleness and sincerity, but only had one reply — from a man!

Your magazine seems youthful, cheerful and a welcome change from heavy, depressing feminist literature. It would be nice, however, if it contained more articles — thoroughly enjoyed "The Way of Sappho", which was authentic as well as analytical.

There must be hundreds — no, thousands — of lonely lesbians — my nickname for that awful word is *Elizabethan*, far more graceful and alluring, don't you think?

I sincerely hope that Artemis will reach lonely women longing for the ultimate relationship, plus, of course, a group of sincere friends.

Gay clubs are not my strong point as women (in Norwich, anyway) view each other with veiled suspicion, acting like ugly, badly-dressed, coarse men! Surely there must be beautiful women, feminine and gentle, who would like to meet and become friends with my girl-friend and I? Sylve, Norwich.

Elizabethan — yes, it does have a ring! You may have started something there, Sylve. We are hoping to start an Artemis group in Norwich, so anyone interested please get in touch with us.



Gracious! I ought to be in evening dress! How *Artemis* moves about! I thought I was in England, and now here we are at the most exclusive club in the world, in the heart of...

Gay Paree

"I love women and I run the most exclusive lesbian club in the world."

Elula Perrin knows that she deserves credit for such a statement because over the past 14 years she has played hostess to the countless number of women who have passed through the doors into the 'Kathmandu'. In essence the club reflects the qualities of the lady herself - elegant, stylish, feminine, charming and seductive. She has managed to establish and maintain an environment where women can be socially intimate with other women in an atmosphere that is relaxed, friendly and easy. Here you can't feel disturbed about your sexuality, threatened or intimidated by 'heavy vibes'. Walk into the 'Kathmandu' and you walk into Elula's world, the world she has created for the women that she loves.

Elula was born in Hanoi in 1929. Her father, whom she adored, was Maltese and her mother of mixed blood. Educated in a convent she had a strictly disciplined upbringing and since her mother was a dress-maker she was always the best dressed little girl in the neighbourhood. After the war her family sent her to Paris and it was there that she met and married her husband, Guy. As part of Guy's theatre troupe she travelled through Europe together with him but the going was hard and the company was soon to disband. For a period of time Elula settled herself in Casablanca earning her way as a Cuban singer in a Russian nightclub. One sultry afternoon in a small hotel, life changed and Elula became a lesbian. She tells us that she always had a passion for women but the pressure to conform suppressed her instincts.

It was also during her stay in Casablanca that Elula gained experience in running a bar and in doing so took the initial steps along the path that led to the 'Kathmandu'. "I am a cork in the sea that bobs along with the waves. In life I plan nothing. I go where the waves push me". Elula returned to France to join her husband in Marseilles and for a

period of time took a post as a Spanish teacher in a girls' school - "invaluable experience in learning how to deal with people". A while later she found herself running a restaurant.

She also helped set up a discotheque. Her marriage over, Elula left Marseilles for Cannes where she opened her first gay club, the 'Quad Libet Azur'. In 1968 she opened the 'Yetti' in St. Tropez. By this time she had gathered a large circle of successful gay women friends who persuaded her to open a club in Paris. For a while she took over the 'Microteque', and then sold out to open the 'Kathmandu'.

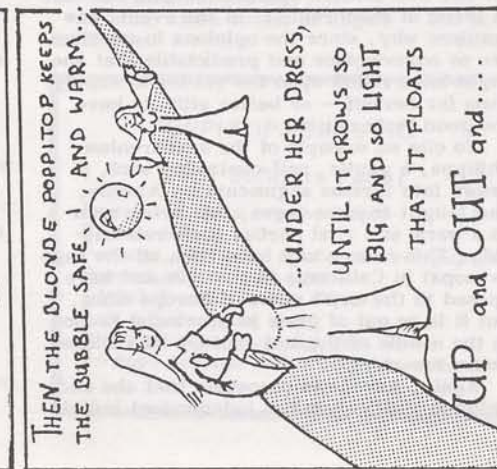
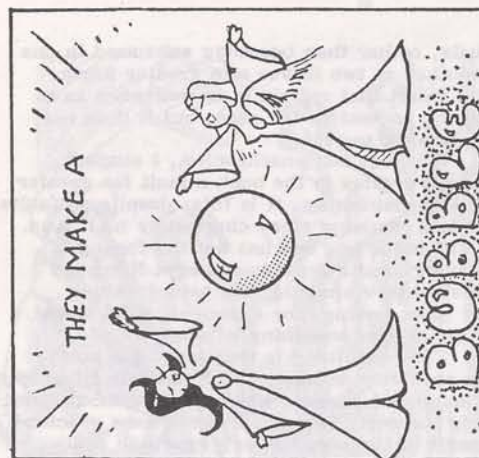
"Women from all over the world come to the 'Kathmandu'. I am bourgeois so professional women from all walks of life feel comfortable in my club. We are very selective with the men that are allowed to come in. They must wear blinkers and cut themselves off from their own sexuality. I am a feminist but not a political feminist. I do not believe that sexuality should play a part in politics. For the women that come into my club I am hostess, mother, friend and counsellor."

Elula Perrin has written three books and is about to launch into a fourth. Her first book *Women Prefer Women* is a best seller and has been translated into several languages including English. She has also appeared on television. The day we were in Paris, French TV were filming a documentary on homosexuality and that night the cameras were to focus on the 'Kathmandu'. Elula invited us to join her party of two hundred beautiful masked women. Sadly, however, we had to decline the invitation as we had to fly back to pay attention to our own club in London. A

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"Wolf? Oh, that thing. I ate it half an hour ago."





The world of BOOKS

Writing in Chains

Légende, by Jeannine Allard, Alyson Publications, £3.95 distributed in the U.K. by Gay Men's Press (!).

Daughters of a Coral Dawn, by Katherine V. Forrest, Naiad Press, \$7.95.

Margaret of Castello, *Heroine of the Unwanted*, by Deirdre Manifold, Firinne Books, £3

Légende is a delightful story of two women living on the coast of Brittany in the mid-nineteenth century. It is based upon a legend still told there. One of them, Philippa, raised in a convent, and nearly becoming a nun, disguises herself as a man in order to go to sea. She returns to marry Aurelie, and together they adopt a child, Mimi.

The story is hauntingly told, building to a tender and tragic conclusion. The character of Philippa/Philippe, devout and passionate, coming slowly to the realisation that "one does not need to wear the habit of a sister to serve God, that having a family and living a good life is equally acceptable to God, and that, somehow, Aurelie, Mimi and I could constitute such a family."

Aurelie, unfortunately, is not so well drawn. She is a child not of the 1860s but of the 1960s. At times she is convincing, but all too often, she seems like a modern American of the "women's spirituality" school rudely transplanted into nineteenth-century Brittany. It appears that the author is determined to provide herself with a mouthpiece for her own modern opinions despite the cost in terms of anachronism. In the event, one wonders why, since the opinions in question are so commonplace and predictable that she might have relied upon the reader to supply them for herself — or better still, to have the good taste not to.

To cite an example of the anachronism: Philippa, a gentle, self-controlled soul, is drawn into furious arguments by Aurelie, and taught to have rages, this being seen as a warm and vital part of their relationship. This theory may have been all the rage (whoops) in California in the '60s and have spread to the major cities of Europe since, but it is as out of place in provincial France in the middle of the last century as a Mickey Mouse tee-shirt.

Again, Aurelie is desperate that she and Philippa shall remain two independent individ-

uals, rather than becoming subsumed in one another as two halves of a greater whole. No doubt that refrain is so well-worn as to sound ancient to our ears, but it does not date back to 1860.

It is this last anachronism, I suspect, which creates in the book a fault far greater than anachronism. It is this: despite all faults, it is a charming story charmingly told. And yet, at the end one has not the feeling of having read a great love story. Nor even a small love story. It has been touching, at times moving, for a moment, even tragic. Yet there is something missing.

That something is true love. For love is an heroic emotion, which hazards all without thought of danger; which gives without counting the cost. Perhaps there is some practical merit in the shopkeeper's approach to love — "I give you this in exchange for that; but, of course, we must all keep our independence?"

But it is certain that the great love stories of history were not written or lived in that spirit, and that those who adhere to it today can never write — or live — a great love story.

* * *

William Blake said that Milton wrote in chains when he wrote of angels, but free when he wrote of devils. Meaning that his conscious Puritan ideology said one thing, but his literary style said another.

This is as true of many authors today as it was in Cromwell's time. *Légende* is one example. Aurelie's pagan attraction to the ancient standing stones seems contrived and unreal, though this, clearly, is where the author's conscious sympathies lie. On the other hand, Philippa's simple Catholic piety, her love of the chanting and the incense, ring true and deep and real. Again, despite her conscious creed of independence, it is where it most resembles a tale of absolute, unreserved love that the story is most successful, and most truly itself.

The same is true, in many places, of *Daughters of a Coral Dawn*. It is a lively space odyssey concerning the migration of a generation of self-procreating lesbians from Earth, to found, quite literally, a world of their own.

The book, of course, pays lip-service to the cult of independence, or infidelity. 'Joinings', as marriage is called, last only as long as the partners wish. But in practice all the good characters stay in monogamous relationships till death do them part. Only naughty Venus insists upon her anti-marital rights, and she, to be frank, is really rather a vamp, even trying to sway Megan, the steadfast leader, from her duty. And it is well known that Megan has vowed to the Mother to remain single; married, as it were,



"Those dreadful children must have left the bath running again!"

"Yes, and they sneak about so silently, nobody can ever catch them!"

to the duty of leadership.

Speaking of which, we come to another area of chains and freedom. Leadership. Naturally, our author is an exponent of participatory democracy. She tells us so clearly, if we can hear her over the clanking of the chains.

In practice much of the excitement of the book comes from hierarchical relationships. All the girls are in love with strong, silent, celibate Megan (don't worry, she marries Miss Right in the end). Indeed, the book takes a disarmingly open enjoyment in the grand imperious gestures of some girls, and the fluttering submissiveness of others.

When an outsider asks Megan what kind of government they have, she replies: "Very little... we instinctively oppose authority, uniformity, any kind of fixity." This is quite simply untrue. Megan is leader pure and simple, from beginning to end, answerable only to Mother, the overall leader. She has an elite inner circle beneath her. They even have sumptuary laws (only Megan is permitted to wear black and white, which symbolise her authority). So was Megan's answer intended by the author to be ironical, or evidence of untruthfulness? Not at all. The tongue is not in the cheek, but the chains are on. She is writing from her official Puritan ideology at this point, but most of the time she forgets and writes free.

As a vivacious space-romp, the book is very successful. But it is also, to some extent a Utopia story, and on that level, like all

such stories, it rings a little hollow. Building a brave new world is all very well, but after a time, we find ourselves asking: what is it all for? To live, to procreate, to die — what else is there? Megan describes it as a rationally based society, and often it seems just as sterile as that makes it sound. Even the love-making, despite the author's best efforts, lacks excitement. Philippa's Catholicism — even Aurelie's vague paganism — seem deeper and more real than this. It is a world without God, without any real culture, without history (or at least any sense of continuity with history). Narcissistic, occasionally charming, ultimately pointless.

* * *

None of which can be said of our last book. *Margaret of Castello* is an unusual and heart-warming story: a true account of the life of a dear little girl who lived in Italy in the fourteenth century. She was born lame, hunchbacked and totally blind. She was locked away by her parents for fourteen years, and finally abandoned on the streets of a distant city. It sounds like a horror story, but it is not. It is a story of courage, devotion and unshakable faith. Throughout all her trials and troubles, she remained happy and cheerful, her heart full of love. On one occasion she spoke to someone with a tumour of the eye which was making her blind. Margaret touched the tumour and it vanished. After this she became known far and wide for countless well-attested miracles, though she never tried — nor wished — to cure her own afflictions. Filled with love of God and of everyone around her, she died, perfectly happy, at the age of thirty three in 1320. As the author says: today she could well be the Patroness of all the lonely, unwanted and abandoned people of this part of the twentieth century.

A book which writes of angels — but not in chains. M.M.

POPPITOPACROSTIC

(See Sonnets Page)

Perhaps I was a pretty Poppit-
Op last life or two;
Perhaps, for when my heart went pop, it
Popped in love with you.
I think I was a pretty Poppi-
Top — I love you, yet,
Oh, I am sure it cannot be;
Perhaps because we're both brunette.

Great Ladies

"Geography is all about maps and history is all about chaps!" True? Not a bit of it. The pages of history are literally littered with the daring deeds of gallant gals, if you know where to look for them. This occasional series sets out to prove it, starting with...

Hester of Arabia

Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope
1776 - 1839



FOR SOME HOURS she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, the level sands stretching before and behind and on either side, when her sharp eye sighted horsemen in the distance. She knew that they were looking for her, that their mission was to kill her. Presently, some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, were upon her, their spears levelled for the impact. When they had all but reached her, she stood up in her stirrups, withdrew the yashmak from her face, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried "Avaunt!" Her face was white. Whiter than is usual even among Europeans, beautiful, and with a look of imperious command that brooked no defiance. The horsemen fell back.

The stuff of sensational fiction? Perhaps. But it is true. She was Lady Hester Stanhope, one of the most remarkable ladies of her generation.

They called her the English Princess. For a time she was feared and hated by nearly every Bedouin tribe of the desert. One tribe alone allied itself to her and gave her shelter, and in so doing, put itself in the gravest peril.

There came a day when the Sheikh of that tribe told her that a massive force had arrayed itself against them. That they would be attacked and destroyed because of their friendship with her. Nonetheless, nothing would sway him from the sacred duty of protecting his illustrious guest.

"It is not for me," she said, "to be a source of danger to my friends, but rather to my enemies." So saying, she rode forth alone into the desert. In vain

the Sheikh tried to dissuade her, saying that although his tribe would be safe once she had gone, the horsemen of her enemies would sweep the deserts, cutting off every means of escape, and not rest until they had destroyed her. She was not to be moved by such terrors as these. She turned the head of her horse, and rode into the endless sands without friend or servant.

It was soon after this that her encounter with the Bedouin raiding party took place, and though she was confident that the sheer force of her magnificent personality would strike terror into the hearts of her enemies, it was not in terror that the horsemen fell back, for they had been sent by her friend the Sheikh to test her courage, and it had not been found wanting.

In the years to come, she became a formidable power, settling on Mount Lebanon and wielding an almost absolute authority over the surrounding districts, sometimes adopting the turban and other male attire of the East, and always with her cherished companion, Miss Williams, at her side.

In years before, she had been chief of the household of her uncle, William Pitt, one of the most powerful and successful of all British Prime Ministers; her stately and imposing personality presiding over the social gatherings of the political leaders of the day. But later, with Miss Williams, she forsook the shores of England forever.

She had nothing but contempt for the materialistic Western way of life, which she pronounced "vain and false", and spoke of the benighted ignorance and frivolity of modern Europeans, in comparison to the ancient wisdom of both east and west. She would never look at a Western newspaper from the day she left England, and was all the better, and wiser, for that.

When Mehemet Ali and his fierce Lieutenant, Ibrahim Pasha, dominated the whole of Syria and Palestine, it was Lady Hester's domain alone which remained untouched; the sole place of refuge for those who fled the Pasha's tyranny. When the Pasha demanded that her Albanian soldiers be surrendered to him, she answered merely "Come and take them." He never did. Mehemet Ali used to say that the English Lady had given him more trouble than all the insurgent peoples of Syria and Palestine.

Miss Williams died in 1828, eleven years before her beloved friend, but Lady Hester remained on Mount Lebanon, surrounded by her Albanian soldiers, her fierce Bedouin horsemen and her black slave girls, holding court in her little kingdom, and seeking that Kingdom within which, in her own country, was already all but forgotten. A

SUPERGIRL

THE LEGEND



IT WAS BACK IN 1959, when Superman had been in the world-saving business for exactly twenty years, that Supergirl first appeared on the scene, making her debut, as Superman himself had, in *Action Comics*.

She was Superman's younger cousin, from his home planet of Krypton. As we all know, Krypton was destroyed when Superman was a baby. But one city had survived, being hurled into space intact at the time of the explosion, and provided with a protective dome in which an artificial environment could support life. At first Argo City survived, but slowly it became apparent to the citizens that the very ground on which they were standing — like all rock-remains of Krypton — was turning into deadly green kryptonite. Again, the plucky Kryptonians were equal to the crisis. They shielded the entire surface of the city with rolls of sheet-lead. And all was well for many years — the years of Superman's childhood and youth — until the city was struck by a meteor shower. Both the dome and the lead shielding were destroyed, and, unable to repair both at once, Argo City perished. Only one small rocket ship was available, just large enough for a little girl called Kara to be hurtled free, a space-orphan, headed for planet Earth.

Unlike Kal-El (Superman), Kara remained an orphan. He was adopted by two very fine people who represented the very heart of rural America, the aging, childless couple Ma and Pa Kent. They called him Clark, after Mrs Kent's maiden name. The rest is history.

Kara, however, entered Midvale Orphanage, where she spent her first, and in many ways her best, years on earth. She took

BUT THE REAL SUPERGIRL HAD SEEN DICK ENTER LENA'S HOME AND HAS BEEN LISTENING IN WITH HER SUPER-HEARING!

I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE! I ADMIT I'M SUPERGIRL! **THAT'S A DELIBERATE LIE! LENA KNOWS SHE'S NOT SUPER-GIRL! BUT WHY SHOULD SHE TELL SUCH AN UNTRUTH? IS SHE TURNING INTO AN ARCH-CRIMINAL, LIKE HER BROTHER?**



the name Linda Lee, after the great Confederate General Robert E. Lee (all the girls in Superman's life had the initials L.L. Not, of course that there was any romantic interest with his little cousin Kara).

Supergirl's adventures in *Action Comics*, where she was for years the second feature, were very much her own. She was not a mere appendage to Superman's adventures as Batwoman and Batgirl were to Batman and Robin's.

But there was one way in which Superman had a very profound effect on all Supergirl's early adventures. For he had made a rule that she should not reveal her existence to the world until he decided the time was ripe.

Whatever we may think of that decision, it gave to those early adventures their special flavour. She had a colourful costume, modelled on Superman's own, but genuinely feminine. But nobody ever saw it except Superman, Linda herself and the readers. It completed the picture of the shy, lonely, sensitive orphan, hundreds of millions of miles from her home, who was at one and the same time, the mightiest girl in the world, invulnerable, able to fly, and with virtually unlimited strength.

Clark Kent was always just Superman in disguise. The meek mild character was only a pose, and meant little to him. But Linda Lee was real; delicate, quick to tears, and hugging to her lonely breast the secret of her other, golden-haired, all-powerful self.

How many, romantic, imaginative girls must have fully identified themselves with



Supergirl (Helen Slater) confronts the evil sorceress, Selena (Faye Dunaway), and her servant Bianca (Brenda Vaccaro).

Linda Lee? When finally Superman revealed her to the world, and she was adopted by the Danvers family, we cheered for her and shared her tears of joy; and yet we knew that a fragile and beautiful thing had been lost.

It is pleasing, then, not only that Supergirl's silver anniversary should be celebrated with a major motion picture, but that that film should, at least partly, embody the innocence and fragile beauty of those early years.

The story has changed somewhat. Argo City is no longer doomed, but its main power source, the omegahedron (a small shining ball) is pitched into outer space by an accident caused by Kara. Taking full responsibility, Kara (now a girl of fourteen) sneaks a space vessel in order to search for it, and her journey takes her to earth, where the omegahedron has already been captured by a sorceress who intends to use its power to rule the world.

Argo City, white, crystalline and wholly enclosed by its protective membrane, is intended to represent an embryo of purity in which the heroine is nurtured. It is situated in 'inner space', and in order to come to earth, Kara must cross the warp into outer space.

On earth, she is an innocent abroad. At first there are the lyrical scenes in which she discovers her powers, and then she is pitched into school life. Midvale Orphanage has become Midvale College, an exclusive boarding school, but the girls are the usual collection of sullen yobbos found in most schools nowadays. Against this background, Kara seems almost ethereal and quite out of place: a lost angel.

But slowly, Kara's innocence has a civilising influence, especially on her roommate,





Lucy Lane (Lois's sister, and another of the ubiquitous L.L.s). It is not as marked as gentle Clark Kent's softening influence on the brash, city-smart Lois and those around her (Superman I). Helen Slater does not have the charisma of Christopher Reeve. But in its quiet way, her magic still works.

In many ways, the film has the character of a myth. The heroine descends from heaven to earth. She teaches by example, battles evil, and ultimately faces a descent into hell (the Phantom Zone) where, stripped of her powers, she confronts suffering and terrible dangers, emerging triumphant to confront the forces of evil for a final victory. Having done this, she returns to her white, crystalline heaven, bearing the treasure which

is the fruit of her quest (and, true to the original stories, she leaves asking the few who have seen her to keep her existence secret).

A beautiful concept. Which is not to say that the film is altogether successful. I do not speak from any 'sexist' prejudice when I say that all the male actors act exceptionally badly. The comic relief is feeble, overdone and much too long. If the director had been content to tell his story simply instead of showing how clever he was, he would have made a much more powerful film, which would have been cleverer.

Yet it succeeds in returning Supergirl to her real roots, and Helen Slater captures the brave, innocent, dynamic character to a tee. As she herself said: "She's a wonderful character. I mean, how many good parts are there that stand for truth and justice and — pardon the expression — the American way?"

How many, indeed? A

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Linda (Supergirl) Lee (in school blazer) and Lucy Lane. Who says secret identity disguises don't work outside comics?



And now, dear reader, dare you face the nameless horror of...

HEARTATTACK HOUSE

by DAWN RAIDER. Pt 2: DRACULETTE

THE STORY SO FAR

At the height of a raging storm, our car had broken down in the middle of nowhere. We had sought refuge in a tall gaunt house atop a hill. From the very beginning, my suspicions were aroused when the door was opened by some half-human thing by the name of Boris.

"But hold!" cried Boris, after a few moments of pleasant banter. "The Mistress comes!"

I had a feeling of foreboding about this. Somehow I knew this wasn't going to be your ordinary genial village lady-of-the-manor type. How did I know? I dunno. Call it femme's intuition if you like, but it sure turned out right.

Footsteps exploded down those echoing corridors like a peace campaigner coughing into her megaphone. And then she appeared. Tall and thin, dressed from head to toe in black. Her flesh deathly white. And her smile: I've only seen a smile like that once before. It was on my bank manager, the time I bought a new Lambroghini the same week my mother cancelled my allowance. Only he didn't have teeth like that.

"Say," said Sam. "I know who you gotta be. You gotta be the nameless horror of Heartattack House, right?" Sam's my friend. She's an unusual girl. Six-foot-six of solid muscle, and macho with it. She's also a royal smart-Alice.

The Mistress spoke with a voice like an iceberg. "You will pay dearly for that crack."

"Hey," said Sam, "If you don't want to buy it, you don't want to buy it, but you can't sell it back to me."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Mistress. "Come in then. No doubt you will be in need of some Ovaltine."

"I'd rather have a drop of the hard stuff," said Sam.

In a few minutes, we were seated round a snarling fire drinking Ovaltine.

"Hey, what's this?" shouted Sam.

"There's only dry Ovaltine granules in my cup. No milk."

"Yes," said the Mistress. "You said that you would prefer the hard stuff."

"Oh, no," expostulated Sam. "Raider, why do you always let your little sister write jokes into your stories?"

But the joke did not last long. Suddenly I was seized with unimaginable horror.

"Sam!" I cried. "This isn't Ovaltine, it's..."

Sam leapt to her feet. "What is it, kid?"

"It's...it's..."

"C'mon, spit it out." I spat it out.

"It's Horlicks."

"Horlicks!" cried the Mistress. "Then are you truly favoured. Only two drinks in this world may truly be named 'the Food-Drink of the Night'. As white wine is to red wine, so Horlicks is to... but I have neglected to introduce myself. I am the Countess Draculette. And you, young man..."

"Dis ain't no young man," corrected Sam. "Dis is my girl Foo-Foo."

"FiFi, bucket head," corrected me.

"Yeah," continued Sam. "Dis ain't no young man. Dis is my girl FiFi."

"Fool!" expostulated the Countess. "I was referring to you."

"Fool yourself," expostulated me. "Dis — I mean this — ain't no young man either. This is my girl Sam."

"Don't take it hard, Countess," consoled Sam. "Lotsa folks get fooled by that one."

"Then why are you wearing a Savile Row raincoat — not to mention that hat?"

"Well, the raincoats they make for girls are so flimsy these days. The collars just won't stand up. As for the hat. If I'd been a guy I'da taken it off indoors, wouldn't I? What do you think I am, a slob or something?"

Not to let the conversation get heated, I explained further: "You see, Countess, she's got a Bogart fixation. She's always had a Bogart fixation. It's congenital."

"You mean she was born in that hat?"

"No, she was born in a feather boa, but she reacted against it very strongly."

But she was no longer listening. Under her breath I heard her muttering: "Horlicks! Boris always has an instinct about these things. Perhaps she is one of the Elect."

Suddenly she started up from her ruminations and said: "And now, my dears, I had best show you to your rooms. You are tired, and the night is young."

"What time is breakfast?" asked Sam.

"Oh, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it," was the Countess's enigmatic reply. "If we come to it."

To be continued...

"Most women are only very big children, and most men are only very little ones."

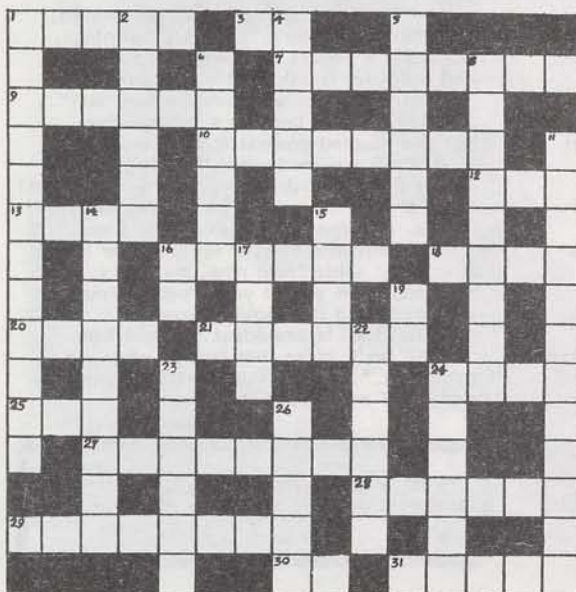
O. Henry

The Busy Page

THE SPHINX CROSSWORD

Clues across

- 1, 16, and 28. New York's Avenue of hoofers, now in London. (5,6,6)
1. When life begins?
3. Five hundred and five can get it for valour.
7. A divine dish.
9. Coloured warnings.
10. She prefers blondes — or is one.
12. Big bird lurking in the mud.
13. Toast with tea, but this house is anything but teetotal!
16. Not the winner, but a necessary support in a quarrel.
18. In India, but it might turn out to be a jape or the music that's played there.
20. Sounds like she knows — must have smelt it out!
21. What's round and red and a must at political meetings?
24. A card, or where one might play one.
25. Hear — I can't without it, but a Cockney can't the difference.
27. Part of the escort, or is she just leaving?
28. A tree stands in a little one.
29. Ghostly riders in a merry chase on a stormy night (4,4)
30. Street saint superlative!
31. Artemis girls compete in it — unfavourable after a short announcement, worse with a German accent!



Clues down

1. Indecent display on the emotional level. (5,2,5)
2. Get art confusedly, but set a definite goal.
4. A Girl Guide does it in the country — and in London, come to that.
5. She'll never be a slave.
6. Schoolgirls do it when they dream of Oxford, and in Oxford it dreams.
8. The ultimate *Artemis* reader wearing a red cape!
11. Containers for milk, or a Victorian off-licence? (3,3,6)
14. How would you make one? Push her down an Alp! (5,4)
15. Son of the sun or First Murderer in disguise.
- 16 and 19. Repetitious and mediocre. (2,2)
17. Found in cream — or in blood.
19. See 16.
22. Teetotalers suffer from it — we enjoy it!
23. Describes the yahoo's manners and her trousers!
24. You can bet on it — or off it.
26. Anne does it.

THE CAPTION COMPETITION

The winner of last issue's caption competition is Jenny of Cornwall. Congratulations, Jenny. Here are our other favourites:

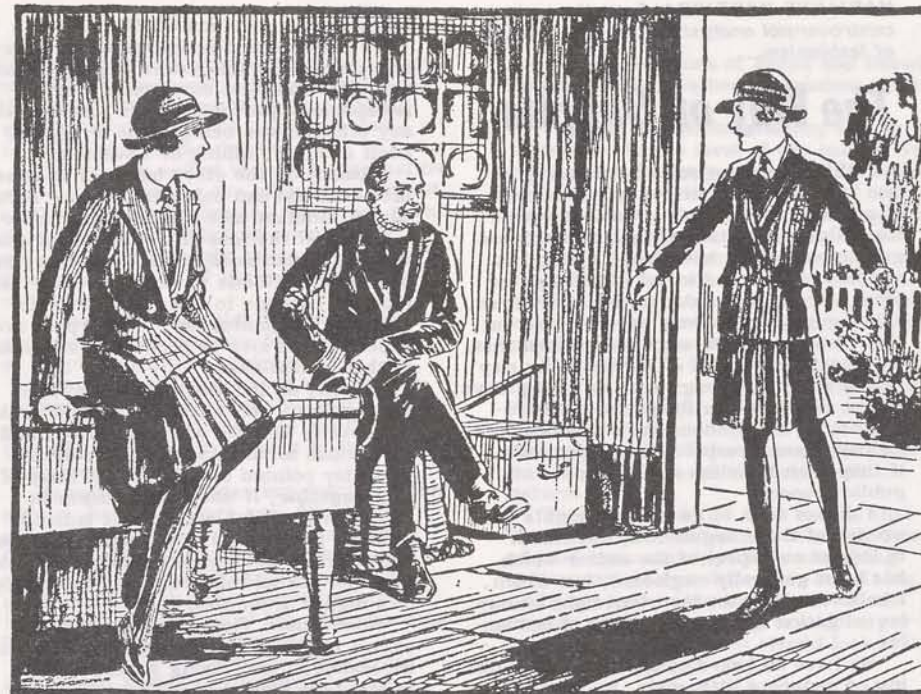
"Abigail! Those years in Aberdeen have certainly made a man of you." CAROL, FIFE.

"But, Auntie, when they asked you to open the fête in place of the Vicar, I don't think they meant you should look like him as well." "LARTHIA", CHESTER.

Crossword solution from Issue 4.

T	H	E	B	E	S	T	O	F	L	U	C	K
E	L	L	H	O	N	N						
R	E	E	V	E	E	C	L	A	T	I		
E	M		C	O	G	I	O	F	F			
S	W	E	E	T	I	R	O	N		E		
S	N		R									
A	C	T	I	N	G	L	E	A	D	E	R	S
S												
M		E	C	R	U		E	T	H	E	L	
E	Y	E	H	I	C	Y	I					
R		G	U	A	R	D	E	T	M	O	N	
R	O	S	E	T	G							
Y	A	N	K	E	S	G	O	H	O	M	E	

Winner: "Capricorn", South Gwent.



"But be reasonable! You can't keep me here for ever and the Bishop will never pay the ransom."



Your Caption

MARIANNE MARTINDALE continues her controversial analysis of the true nature of lesbianism...

The Way of Sappho

THERE has been some controversy of late in certain gay circles on the subject of pederasty — the sexual love of adults for children. Certain of the more extreme gay organisations have taken a stand in support of the practice of pederasty: in other words, the sexual abuse of children. Other gay organisations have pointed out that pederasty is no more homosexual than heterosexual. Men of either sexuality may take a fancy to young girls, or young boys, as the case may be. Respectable heterosexuals do not condone such practices. Neither should respectable homosexuals, if they wish to achieve any measure of public respect.

I do not wish to go into the rights and wrongs of these arguments, but rather to look at an aspect of the matter which has been generally neglected, but which, I believe, sheds an important light on our investigation of the real nature of lesbianism.

We have all heard of grown men assaulting or seducing little girls. We have all heard of grown men assaulting or seducing little boys. When did you last hear of a grown woman assaulting or seducing either a little boy or a little girl? Never.

It simply does not happen, or if it does it is so fantastically rare that it is never heard about.

Now why is this? Is it because grown women never feel any attraction to little girls (or boys)? I do not think so. I know from personal experience that many women are strongly attracted to little girls (I speak of girls because my experience is mainly with lesbian women). And I do not mean simply in a maternal way. I know women who find little girls beautiful and thrilling. But they do not feel the need to translate their feelings into crude sexual terms.

Despite all the recent propaganda to the contrary, men are differently constituted from women. When men are homosexuals, they perform an act which is a direct and deliberate imitation of the heterosexual sex act. Men have a strong tendency to interpret all sensual feelings in terms of crude sexuality (that is to say, in terms of heterosexual feelings, or an imitation of them) leading up to the simple sex act (that is to say, the heterosexual

sex act or an imitation of it).

In heterosexual intercourse, man performs a certain well-known physical function. And man is so constituted that he is capable of performing this function with any other human being, male or female, adult or child, willing or unwilling.

Woman, on the other hand, is so constituted that she can only perform her 'natural' sexual function with a willing adult male.

Now, on the face of it, this might seem to make woman more limited than man; but in practice it tends to work the other way around. It tends to make men focus exclusively on genital sex, to interpret every experience of love or sensuality in terms of that genital sex.

Women, on the other hand, have, at least up until recently, had a much broader capacity for love and sensuality in all its various forms. As Granya Maidens-daughter pointed out in the last issue of this magazine, it was quite common in Victorian times for respectable ladies to publicly profess the most passionate love-relationships between one another. These were not sexual relationships. They were of a higher order than that.

When Queen Victoria declared that sexual relationships between women were impossible, thus freeing generations of women from legal persecution, she was not speaking in ignorance. She was quite correct. Sexual relationships (meaning relationships based either on the human sex act, or those imitations of it which are only possible to men) cannot take place between women.

Some people, no doubt, will say that this is demeaning to women. But do you not see that such a statement is based upon accepting the masculine prejudice of the supremacy of sex? The masculine worship of that sex act which only man (in common with billy goats, cocks etc.) can perform?

And is it not equally obvious that the whole tendency of this crude sex-worship is to reduce humanity to the purely animal level?

When we say that homosexuality, or pederasty are *sexual perversions* we are saying that humanity is first and foremost an animal. That what comes first in us is the animal lust for copulation, and that any other form of love or sensuality is simply a perversion of the basic animal instinct.

As we saw in my last paper (*Artemis 4*) the ancients saw human love as primarily a spiritual thing. The animal aspect was only an accident of our present earth-

ly existence. This ancient doctrine, found throughout the world, was inherited from the world's earliest civilisations, which were matriarchal, ruled by women and worshipped feminine deities.

The modern animal view of human nature and sexuality is, on the other hand, based on Darwinian evolutionism, which has been thoroughly discredited as science long ago, but is still taught because it is the perfect exposition of the masculine view of the world.

It has been well said: "Darwinism is a crude, vulgar doctrine for crude, vulgar people in a crude, vulgar age."

Now let us be clear about what we are not saying. We are not saying that all men are necessarily sex-obsessed gorillas. Only that that tendency is present in the masculine make-up.

To return to our starting-point of pederasty: a hundred years ago, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, had a positive fascination for little girls. He satisfied his taste by making good friends with them, photographing them, and writing two of the most charming books in the English language.

Had he been brought up in the gross, overheated animal atmosphere of today,

fed on the doctrines of Freud and Darwin, he might well have been a criminal child-molester.

There is an innate tendency in man to descend to the level of the animal. To believe that his only means of expression and satisfaction lie in the physical mechanisms of sex. The modern world encourages this degeneration at every level.

The innate tendency of woman, on the other hand, instead of concentrating all her feelings into her genitals, is to experience love and sensuality on every level, physical, mental and spiritual.

The extent to which modern women have become more sex-obsessed than in the past (though certainly not nearly so much as men) represents merely the success of the propaganda of the modern masculine world-view. It is not the true feminine nature.

To understand this is to realise that we cannot treat lesbianism as a sub-branch of male homosexuality. It is something quite separate and different. Something quite opposed to the tendencies of the modern world. Something to which, perhaps, the modern world should look if it wishes to regain its soul. A

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WHAT'S UP, DOC?

Following last issue's feature on the *Femme de Siècle*, lots of you wrote in for more information on the concepts of "up" and "not up". So, before any of us commit any more faux pas, here is a list kindly supplied by "Mitylene".

NOT UP ARE:

The term "Naff", meaning "Not up".

The term "Right on", meaning "Up".

In general "hip" slang, such as "right on", "rip off", "no way" etc. should be avoided. They were yahoo even when they were new. Now most of them are over ten years old, hopelessly dated and decidedly not up. Thirties slang, however, is mostly up, as is some old-fashioned cockney slang such as "stone the crows", "love-a-duck" and "strike me pink".

Digital watches. Also Mickey Mouse or other "novelty" watches. Wear a simple ladies wrist-watch or none.

Cloth caps. Quite yahoo. But ladies hats are popular among the girls. A few also sport a gentleman's silk hat (the old "topper") on occasion, and very fetching it looks, too. Especially on a femme. Bowler hats are not considered ladylike.

Faded jeans, dungarees. Need one say more?

Collarless shirts, waistcoats (vests for our colonial cousins), trousers. These are not yahoo if properly worn. The detachable collar is a useful device. The collarless shirt was not intended to be worn without it, and should not be. The waistcoat should not be worn except under a good jacket, which should only be removed in very butch company for a game of snooker, pool or poker. If a waistcoat is worn correctly, a fob watch may be worn with it. And please note that the word is pronounced "weskut".

Trousers should not be worn without a collar and tie.

Spiky hair, partially shaved hair, hair dyed in unnatural colours. Such fashions are rather sad. They spring from the individual's need to be noticed in the faceless anonymity of the modern city, and also her need to conform to some media-touted image. Among the girls our ostentation is both subtler and more individual.

"Lover". Never refer to anyone as "my lover", or to a couple as "lovers". It is ultra yahoo. You may call someone your mistress, but only if she is your mistress. If you are her mistress, the term for her is your protégée. "Betrothed", or "best girl", "young lady", are other ways of referring to a girl friend. When talking of others it is sufficient to say that they are "together". In civilised company, the erotic status of their relationship is not a matter for public discussion (needless to say, you will never use the term "together" to mean "sane" or "un-neurotic". Neurosis is not considered the norm among the girls).

Ms. The contraction Ms. is not used in speech or in writing. It is ugly and artificial and has no place in the English language. If you do not wish to divulge your marital status, or use terms which imply it for others, then use the full term "Mistress", from which both Miss and Mrs (and, come to that, Ms) are contracted.

Totally, basically. These two pieces of vintage studentspeak should be banished from every self-respecting girl's vocabulary. Apart from anything else, the former is almost always used incorrectly, while the latter has become in most cases a verbal mannerism with much the same semantic value as "um", "er" or "well". I have even heard someone, upon being asked the time, reply: "About half-past two, basically".



Name-dropping: dangerous in *femme* company, since few public figures are *persona grata*. I was once present when a girl just back from Paris regaled the company with what she had said to Sam (Beckett) and what Simone (De Beauvoir) and Jean-Paul (Sartre) had said to her, as well as dropping the names of various persons who appear to be popular musicians, which were fortunately lost on us. When she left, somebody said:

"If she does not really know all those people as well as she pretends, then she is a fake. If she does — well, there are worse things than being a fake." Everyone agreed. A

LETTER BOX

Names in inverted commas are Club noms de plume.



PATCHWORK FROM PORTUGAL

Dear Anne & Artemis,

Last Thursday I dragged myself home as I usually do after a long, hot, hard day's work in a dusty clothes manufacturing factory, trying to figure out what to have for dinner, as I was too exhausted to cook, and my sister, who usually takes care of dinner, had left me that very morning to spend a few days' holiday with our parents.

I unlocked the door to our flat, feeling very gloomy and lonely, and as I entered the door, the first thing I saw was a neat brown envelope, addressed to me. No sender specified, but it was so neatly done, so well glued, that my heart missed a beat as I thought it must be from you, as I had asked you to seal it extra carefully!

I took it, went into the living room, and sprawled onto my favourite armchair, near the window, from where I see the sea and the sunset; savoured for a moment the cool breeze of the coming evening and the doubt as to who had sent me this parcel, and then opened it.

And there they were, five lovely looking magazines, "retro" looking in style. I didn't know where to start, so I read your letter and next browsed through them, and started reading a bit here and a bit there, because I couldn't bear the excitement of reading one from cover to cover and then pass on to the next one afterwards. I wouldn't have the time to do them all that evening.

I've just been reading bits and pieces in all five of them at the same time for the past four days, and I think I finished today, but I'm not too sure; every time I open one I notice something I missed the previous times. I can but offer you my undying love and gratitude for putting together such a lovely magazine...

I hope you will not disappear like Sappho and Sequel. I subscribed to both and collected every issue from number one, and their disappearance, each time, left a great void in my life. I felt responsible for the fact that they hadn't been able to stay afloat through lack of money and indifference from readers. As if my mother had died and I felt I could have done something to prevent it.

So this time, I'd very much like to make sure that if you must stop publishing (knock wood) it will be through no possible fault of mine. I cannot send you much money, as I work in textiles and all the textile enterprises are undergoing a great crisis here in Portugal, which means I work a lot to keep the boat afloat and am badly paid. But I'll do my best in this department, though I cannot promise...

What I can do is send you some products of my own making. Do you have any ideas for clothes/sewn items you'd like to develop? If so, do let me know. I keep all the scraps left from cutting garments in my factory, I can make small items like peg dolls or whatever and patchwork skirts and whatnot. If you would just let me know what sort of items you think you can sell and the popular colours in England (but not on a regular basis, as I'd have to do them in my spare time) I'd gladly start production.

As to the contents of the magazine, it makes my heart sing and my head feel light, and I feel very proud to be in love with women, because, when it comes down to the facts, we are the gayest and the most working and courageous lot on earth.

Hope to hear from you soon, once again thanks. You may print my name and country if you wish.

Maria Manuel, Portugal

Well, it's over to you, girls. Let us know what you'd like, and we'll pass on your thoughts to Maria. Why not start thinking about Christmas presents? Help her to help us. Remember: you need Artemis and Artemis needs you.

THE ARTIST WRITES

Dear Artemis,

This is my first really 'social' letter to you since I started drawing for *Silverwolf*. I feel I must compliment you on your well designed and interesting magazine that, as Granys Maidensdaughter pointed out, is equally appealing to 'straight' readers.

I have to admit to feeling some trepidation when I first discovered that I was drawing for a 'lesbian magazine', but I so enjoy *Silverwolf* and was so impressed with *Artemis* when I read it that my doubts were quickly laid to rest.

I am sending you a design for notepaper that I did especially for *Artemis* to thank you for your last, exceptionally good, copy (No.5). I hope you like it. With love, Michele Dennis

We love it. Now everyone's going to write us letters just to see it!

I Could Write A Sonnet...

RESPONSE to last issue's sonnet competition was admirable. The task was to write a sonnet in strict metre to or about either Amelia Bingham or one of the protagonists of *Heartattack House*. Well, Amelia won hands down in terms of the number of entries about her and to her. For this reason we asked Jenny Falconer to help with the judging (getting to be quite a Jill-of-All-Trades this issue, isn't she?). The overall standard of the verse was so high that it was difficult to settle on a winner, but we finally came down on this one from our old friend Jane of Oxford. Jenny wrote of it "Not only is it witty, but it has that certain something which makes real poetry. Some poet chap (I think it must have been a chap) said the test of real poetry was that when you recite it over a morning shave, it makes the bristles stand up. I can't apply that particular test myself, but if I could, I've a feeling this sonnet would have passed it."

*Is't possible to love a girl of paper
Invented by another girl for fun?
Adore you for your latest artful caper
And yet to know that it was never done?
Is't possible my heart should be o'ertaken
By one who never wore a coat of flesh?
Why, yes! Why should my faith in you be
[shaken
If you were never caught in matter's mesh?
For are you not old Uncle Remus's rabbit,
Or Hermes, Loki, Reynard, what you will?
You never wore a more delightful habit,
Yet under it that ancient heart beats still.
Thy praises, now and ever will I sing 'em,
Thou great Platonic form, Amelia Bingham.*

Congratulations, Jane! But Jenny adds a caution: "Can you be so sure that Amelia does not exist? Of course, that would not be her name. Names and details would have to be changed to protect the innocent—and others... But enough, let us pass on to the next sonnet before I say too much." Done, Jenny. Our next offering is from Jill of Fylde, and continues where last issue's Binks yarn left off:

*I send these lines to you, you artful baggage,
To show that, though I'm wronged, I bear
[no malice
My last consignment's gone in your priest's
[luggage,*

*But then, I've plenty more about the palace.
Though Chiaralinos do not bear long rancour
(We stand aloof and take a longer view),
My Godfather, who acted as my banker,
Is angrier, and he's out to get you.
If I were you, I would return the jewels,
And then Luigi won't be sent to call.
Now he's a guy who just breaks all the rules,
And teeth and arms and anything at all.*

*So, cara, take this warning from a friend
And give me back my case, or it's the end!*

Jenny responded to this one with a sonnet of her own: a reply from Amelia. The two taken together make a Binks story in themselves:

*My dear Marchese, thank you for the warning
(I'd guessed, but it was very kind of you).
Luigi called quite early Tuesday morning
(I think it was at four, or quarter to).
He found the Club's alarms a shade alarming.
He can't think how it happened with his wealth
Of knowledge in detecting and disarming
(I'd had him trailed and set them off myself).
The boys in blue arrived. It cost him plenty
To walk out of the Club again scot-free.
The uniforms were hired from A.G. Henty.
The money, as you've guessed, accrued to me.
Tell him next time he calls when I'm in bed
I may get bored and shoot him through the
[head.*

Finally, to be fair to the poets rather than their subjects, we end with yet another tribute to Amelia, this time from "Kath" of Glasgow.

*Ah, Binks, our mortal destinies dictated
That we should not have rendezvous'd before;
But tho' our friendships blossom thus belated,
We feel as if we've loved you from of yore,
For, Binks, you were the buddy of our dreams.
Now the jewel of every Girl and Guide,
Your velvet eyes catch fire, your dark hair gleams,
Your lips curl secret smiles; our tongues are tied
As you sweep towards us gathered round the grate
To spill the beans in bold, delicious blends
Of high and low adventure; and we wait
With baited breath and hearts until it ends.
Ah, Binks, we pray you'll stay with us for years
(Someone — send the prayer to the relevant ears!)*

The Sonnet competition proved so popular that we are having another competition this issue: the challenge is to write an eight-line poem about the Poppitops by writing the word POPPITOP vertically down the page and then beginning each line with one letter of the word in turn. An example is given on the book review page. Good luck!

LAERETTA KRENNE-GENOVENE'S Silverwolf

Illustrated by Michele Dennis

THE STORY SO FAR

Modern English schoolgirl Petra Stone is a reincarnation of the matriarchal warrior princess Mayanna. The schoolgirl and the princess exist as two independent personalities, with a third mysterious and powerful personality called Silverwolf. Taken back in to ancient matriarchal Britain by a group of Amazons, she has seen her allies slain by the evil Swarm. She is given a potion which a treacherous magician tells her will return her to the modern world, but which will in fact only rob her of the power to become Silverwolf. Refusing to take it, she is captured with her last surviving ally, Whirlwind, and seeing this friend about to be tortured by the Swarm, is transformed into the avenging angel, Silverwolf...

SILVERWOLF

Section 4: HISTORIES

Chapter 1: TRIAL BY CONSCIENCE

"My name is Silverwolf. I am more than human. My heart is a star. The star called Nichai. The star that you call Mars. She is the star of courage, the star of battle. My heart is the Princess Mayanna, proud and noble. A maid who has walked this earth and has never known fear.

"My prowess is like to the wolf, the beast of Nichai. My senses are keen, my limbs are swift, and my fang is a sword. A sword that can fell an oak with a single blow. My power is like a song within me. I quaff the air like a foaming chalice of wine. In battle, fighting for truth and the right. In battle, in battle alone am I truly alive.

"The foe presses in on every side. The foe who tried to tear the flesh of my dearest friend with red-hot pincers. They are less than human, yet I wish them no pain. My sword shall grant them a swift death."

Cautiously the Swarm move forward. Ensuring that they surround Silverwolf on every side. Others take to the air. She cannot fight them all at once. Can she?

She sees, hears, smells everything with rapturous clarity. She is aware of each individual Swarm brother that surrounds her, be he behind, in front or above. She knows what he is doing, she can guess when and how he will strike.

Without warning, she moves. Leaping into the air to despatch two who are swooping upon her. Somersaulting to the ground, snapping a neck with a deadly kick, even as she cuts another two in two with her sword. The Swarm leader is a brother of exceptional prowess. During these first few seconds of the battle, he has positioned himself to leap at Silverwolf from behind. His claws will tear her open before she has time to blink. He leaps. At the last possible instant, Silverwolf spins around. The claws miss her by fractions of an inch. The leader gasps. "Nobody can move that fast!" They are his last words. Another voice rises above the throng. "Keep at her, brothers. We are dozens to her one. She cannot keep this up for ever."

Not for ever, perhaps. But for nearly three quarters of an hour she does not tire, she does not falter, she does not make a single mistake. And at the end of that time, every brother in the camp is dead.

She cuts down Whirlwind from the tree. She slices through the iron shackles with her sword. Whirlwind rises dizzily to her feet.

"Silverwolf, Silverwolf, Silverwolf!" She throws her arms around her, her eyes filled with tears of happiness. Silverwolf pushes her away. "Please, please, leave me alone for a moment. I've got to think." Whirlwind walks away without a word.

"I've hurt her. I wish I hadn't done that. But what could I do? I'm not Silverwolf. I'm Petra Stone. Or am I? It felt a bit as if I was Silverwolf. And yet, I felt like an alien presence inside her. Something unclean. She knows I come from a rotten, unheroic age. My heart is corrupted by the cowardice of that world.

"I feel sick. All these bodies. All this blood. Fighting evil she calls it. Where I come from there is no good, no evil. Everything is splurged into crafty, murky shades of grey. Or is it? Isn't that just a trick of evil itself? The more I stay here, the clearer it becomes that the world I have come from is ruled by evil powers. Yet it feels safer. I was safe there." She looks at the black blood on her sword. "I didn't have to do things like this."

She opens her left hand. All this time she has been clasping the little glass vial that the boy gave her. She looks at it.

"This is my passage out of here. I'm going to take it. Somehow it feels like I'm doing something rotten. I don't care. I don't owe this world anything. Do I? Rahiyana and Thunder gave their lives protecting me. But I saved Whirlwind, didn't I? I never even liked the modern world when I lived there. But at least it was safe. Safe and evil. Can I go back, knowing what I know?"

"I won't do it. I'll stay here. I'll do whatever Whirlwind wants me to do. She'll be alone without me now the others are dead. This is my real home." She looks at the bodies of the Swarm. Ugly enough in life, they are hideous in death.

"I've got an awful feeling I'd be doing something really stupid if I took the potion. Like when I tried to run away from the tavern. But I can't stand it here. I don't want to kill. I don't want to die. I'll smash the vial now to get rid of the temptation. No. I'll drink it quickly before I change my mind." She does.

Scene: Lord Fear's chamber. Three Swarm brothers stand before the Lord.

Fear: "What?"

Swarm brother: "Killed. All of them. Our entire detachment, but for we three."

Fear: "And Silverwolf is at large."

Brother: "Aye, Milord."

Fear: "Guard!" A door at the back of the chamber opens. A man of iron steps into the room. "Kill them."

Brother: "But, Milord, we are your faithful servants..."

Fear: "There is only one reward for failure."

Long after the bodies have been dragged out, Lord Fear sits brooding in his chamber. After some time, he is disturbed by a knock. Greyface enters. Fear: "Thanks in large part to your stupidity, Greyface, Silverwolf now walks among us. I doubt not that the Guard are a match for her, especially with the most powerful of her comrades dead. But I do not like such a threat so close to home."

Greyface: "There is no threat, Milord. I have solved the problem. Silverwolf has taken the potion. She will trouble us no further."

Fear: "What potion?" As Greyface pours out his story, a satisfied leer spreads over Fear's lips. At length he speaks.



"...I had always wondered what Auntie kept in that old cupboard."

"You have done well, Greyface. You shall be rewarded beyond your deserving. You may live and continue to serve me."

"A simple detachment of troops should be more than enough to take them. But we shall send the Swarm to be sure."

Scene: The Swarm encampment. Whirlwind returns to find Petra unconscious on the ground.

Whirlwind "Silverwolf, wake up... Oh, your hair, your face, you aren't Silverwolf..."

Petra: "What... why am I still here?"

Whirlwind: "Still here... what do you mean?"

Petra: "Oh, nothing."

Whirlwind: "Listen. I only want to tell you this. Whoever you are, Silverwolf, Petra, whoever, I still love you. I don't care if you've been a coward. Who knows what sixteen years in the Iron Age would have done to any of us. I just love you."

Petra: "I love you too, Vitrina. And slowly, in a funny sort of way, I'm starting to remember. But I've got a

horrible feeling, Whirlwind, I don't know what... but I think I've done something dreadful..."

Whirlwind: "Sssh. What's that?" A low buzzing fills the air. For a moment the sky is darkened. Then a score of Swarm brothers descend to earth. Whirlwind tries to fight, but her injuries are too great. Her legs collapse

under her. She cries out.

"Silverwolf! Silverwolf, save us!"

But Petra Stone is huddled on the ground, her hands over her head, screaming hysterically.

"Get them away! Get them away! Don't let them touch me!"

To be continued...





"THIS IS A FAMILY DIRTY BOOKSHOP!"
Isolated gay girls can get pretty desperate, and we know that more than one has resorted to trying the dirty bookshops to see if there might possibly be anything of relevance to her — without success, of course. Such shops stock material for gay men, and books about lesbians, luridly illustrated and designed for straight men. But nothing for lesbians. Aiming to change this situation, our representative, let us call her Jane, put on her old mac and tried to market *Artemis* on the Soho circuit. Success was nil, but some results were amusing, such as this perfectly genuine interview with one shop owner, let us call him Flesh Harry:

JANE: Do you get many women in this shop?
FLESH HARRY: Yeah, lots.
JANE: Would you be interested in stocking this? [Shows a copy of *Artemis*. F.H. stares in mounting horror].
FLESH HARRY: I can't touch that, love.
JANE: Come now, we're both men of the world. This is a dirty bookshop, isn't it?
FLESH HARRY: Yeah, but the women come 'ere with their 'usbands.

AND GAY GIRL
You may have noticed that *Artemis* is moving towards a new look, and that the name *Gay Girl* is phasing (as they say) its way in. Ultimately it may replace our present title. The reason is that in adverts and

on newsstands it is a name which immediately tells people what we are all about (which *Artemis* does not at all) and is bright, bouncy and in keeping with our image.

We realise it will not be to everyone's taste, and it isn't our first choice (*Artemis* is). But it is a question of whether we are going to stay confined to the old, well-worn lesbian publication circuit (which represents perhaps a thousandth of all the lesbians in the country), or whether we are going to break new ground and reach the invisible majority.

All previous lesbian magazines have perished through failing to do this.

PRIVATE PHARIS-EYE

Artemis has advertised in *Private Eye* since we began. But suddenly, a week ago, the editor, Richard Ingrams, conveyed to us, through a lackey, that *Pharis Eye* would no longer accept our advertisement.

It appears that Richard the Gross has a strong prejudice against lesbianism, but was too dozy to notice the advert in his own paper for twelve months (private what?).

We were somewhat taken aback. The language used in *Pharis Eye* shows an obsessive fascination with male genitalia, which we had always assumed to be evidence of homosexuality on the part of the editor, but perhaps it is just a phase he is going through.

We are looking into the matter, and next issue will either be reporting that this decision has been overturned, or else giving you the inside story on why the most unprincipled magazine in Britain considers it against its principles to allow a lesbian magazine to reach lesbians through its columns.

Well, that's all for now, folks. Hope you enjoyed the show. See you soon, so long as your subscription's paid up. If not, join up just over the page, and if you could make it a Supporting Membership, well, it would be twice as many

Love & Kisses from Anne.



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